

# CHANDAMAMA

OCTOBER 1981

Rs. 1.75



Turn to Page 33  
for the story of  
**'THE INVASION AND  
THE REVENGE'**

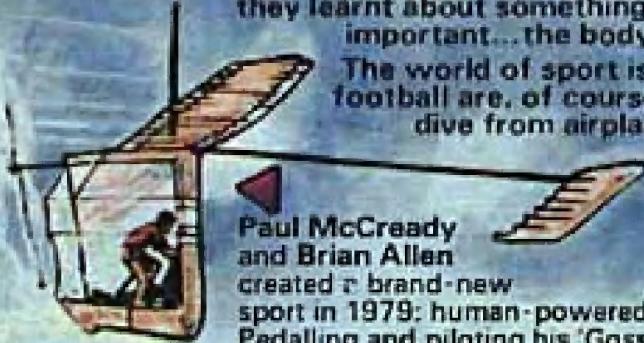
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3. Entries must be filled in legibly and completely in English or Hindi and must comprise a poem of not more than 30 words.
4. Entries must reach on or before November 15, 1981.
5. The organisers of the contest are not responsible for entries delayed, lost or damaged in transit.
6. Entries must be sent by ordinary post and not by registered post or hand delivery.
7. All acceptable entries will become the property of the Company.
8. Prizes are subject to Indian Tax Laws, as applicable.
9. The entries will be judged by a panel of independent judges whose decision will be final and binding.
10. The winners will be individually notified and the names of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd prize-winners will be published in this journal.

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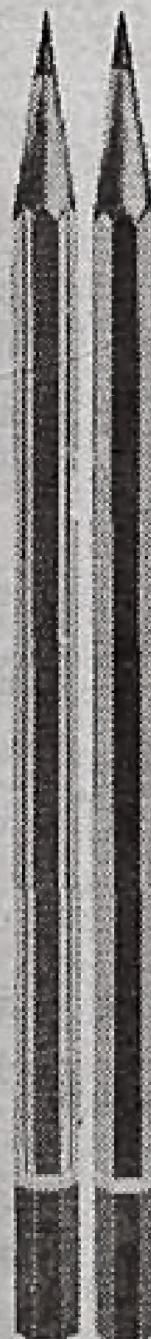
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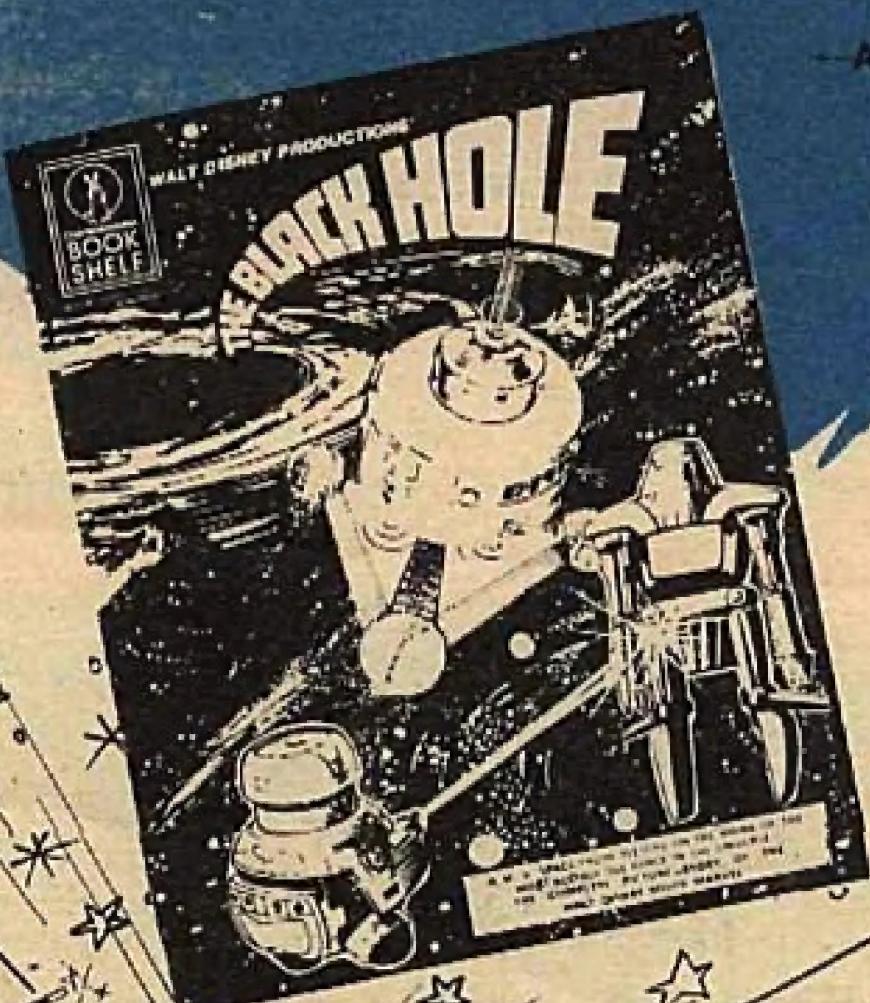
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*PLUS SEVEN COMPLETE STORIES  
AND TWELVE OTHER FEATURES*

## GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

मातृष्ट वरदारेषु परद्रव्येषु लोष्टवत् ।

आत्मष्ट लर्वभूतेषु यः पश्यति स पण्डितः ॥

*Mātravar paradāreṣu paradravyeṣu loṣṭavat*

*Ātmavar sarvabhūteṣu yaḥ paśyati sa paṇḍitah*

Wise is he who looks upon others' wives as his mother, who is as indifferent to others' wealth as if they were lumps of earth, and who sees his own self in others.

*The Hitopadesha*



## THE STORY OF EXODUS

The Exodus is one of the most memorable episodes in history. The second book of the Old Testament of the Bible narrates the event.

It is the story of the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, under the leadership of Moses. In course of time the term 'exodus' has come to mean the movement of a large number of people from one country to another.

The Exodus is believed to have taken place in 1230 B.C. Moses who led the momentous migration was evidently a remarkable man - a man of destiny. It was not an easy task for him to mobilise his own people and to make them follow him on a difficult journey. Even though he performed miracles, his people often cast their doubts on him and disobeyed him. But Moses was a firm believer in his cause and his inspiration. He overcame innumerable obstacles and led his people forward. He did not live to reach Israel himself, but he died with the satisfaction that his people would soon be there.

In the feature *World Mythology* your magazine gives you the story of Moses in three parts, beginning with this issue.

# THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY

—By Manoj Das

(Story so far: Earthquake reveals a nymph-like image that lay hidden in a cave. Raju who discovers it goes in quest of the secret of its life, leaving it to the king's care. The king is eager to bring it to life himself, as he wishes to marry her. A wizard says that he can perform the miracle, but the king must go without food for a week.)

## 9. THE KING IN A QUANDARY

"Your Awful Majesty, even a minute less than a week won't do," said the wizard.

"We can hurriedly swallow just a dozen luddoos, no more, can't we?" His Majesty asked with a rare smile to please the wizard who had suddenly become his task-master.

"You can't".

The king glanced at his half-eaten dishes still held out by his thirty and odd servants.

"We can, of course, have a mere chicken now and then!"

"You can't have even a chicken's egg!"

The king's smile changed into a hopeless grin. But the wizard now displayed a compassionate smile and said, "But, Your Awful, imagine the time when you will eat as many luddoos and as many fowls as you like in the company of the nymph whom I promise to bring to

life, only if you follow the discipline! And you will go down in history as the first king to have gone on a fast, the first king to marry a nymph!"

The wizard patted the king on the back. He was assuming the position of a guardian incredibly fast. The ministers and courtiers looked aghast, but the king himself looked quite submissive to him.

"I should like to starve myself in sympathy with you..."

Before the wizard had finished, the ministers and the courtiers said in unison, "Who won't like to? We all should go without food along with him!"

"That's fine. Who on earth would care to eat when His Awful Majesty does not? But I have to work hard during the week for the king's sake. I can't afford to grow weak," said the wizard. "In fact, I

ought to eat well, his own menu if the good king does not mind it, if I'm to deliver the goods."

"Let it be so, wizard dear," said the king.

In the morning the remaining ministers and courtiers were summoned to the court. "We grant you the privilege of joining us in our week-long fast," declared the king. They were not allowed to leave the palace lest they should eat privately at their homes.

All were on the verge of weeping on the second day, but everyone tried his best to put on a brave face.

In the royal dining hall the wizard enjoyed the dishes accord-

ing to the royal menu. The left-over was finished by his prompt assistant.

On the third day the king began to whimper. On the fourth day he cried. The wizard allowed him and his starving courtiers sips of syrup.

As the wizard would remind the king of the wealth and joy that awaited him once he had been married to the nymph, the king would smile through his tears. He knew that there was much gold hidden in the hills. Once the nymph comes to life and marries him, she would, of course, tell him how to dig it out!

At last the week was over.





The king was given a butter-bath early in the morning on the eighth day and was dressed up in his best clothes.

"Now I must lead His Majesty for the last ritual—into the cave behind the statue. His fast will be broken there. You gentlemen can go home and eat," the wizard said, addressing the ministers and the courtiers. He added, "I shall be in the cave for long, cannot say for how long, lost in meditation. The king alone will have the privilege of meeting me. But I must warn you against coming too close to the king hereafter. My magic will give him a cer-

tain supernatural aura. The closer you come to him, the shorter will be your life."

The hungry noblemen faltered towards their homes. The king, who had grown too weak to ride or walk, was carried on a stretcher to the golden statue.

"A day more and this nymph, with all her secret of gold, will be yours," the wizard whispered to the king. That inspired the pale king to sit up on the stretcher. Helped by the wizard, he then toddled into the cave. His bodyguards were asked to withdraw to the meadow below the rock.

"I am so hungry that I felt like gobbling up the golden statue itself! But I'm to marry her!" observed the king who looked happy though chewed up.

Servants attached to the king's kitchen had already carried his breakfast into the cave. They had arranged the dishes under the supervision of the wizard's assistant and then withdrawn. The king had pronounced what he would like to eat, item by item, on the previous day itself. Great care had been taken to prepare them.

The king's face brightened up. "How lovely!" he exclaimed.

"Now, wizard dear, I must eat!"

"Not yet, Your Majesty, the last ritual is yet to be performed. Do you see that hollow on the wall? You have to crawl to the other side and do what I say. That's going to be easy. Then eat, be merry and..."

"Marry the nymph!" cut in the king.

"Right. Now take off your clothes, Your Majesty, and be pleased to enter the hollow."

"Why should I take off my clothes?"

"That's a part of the ritual, Your Majesty. Don't forget what you are going to get very soon. For that I won't hesitate even to take off my skin!"

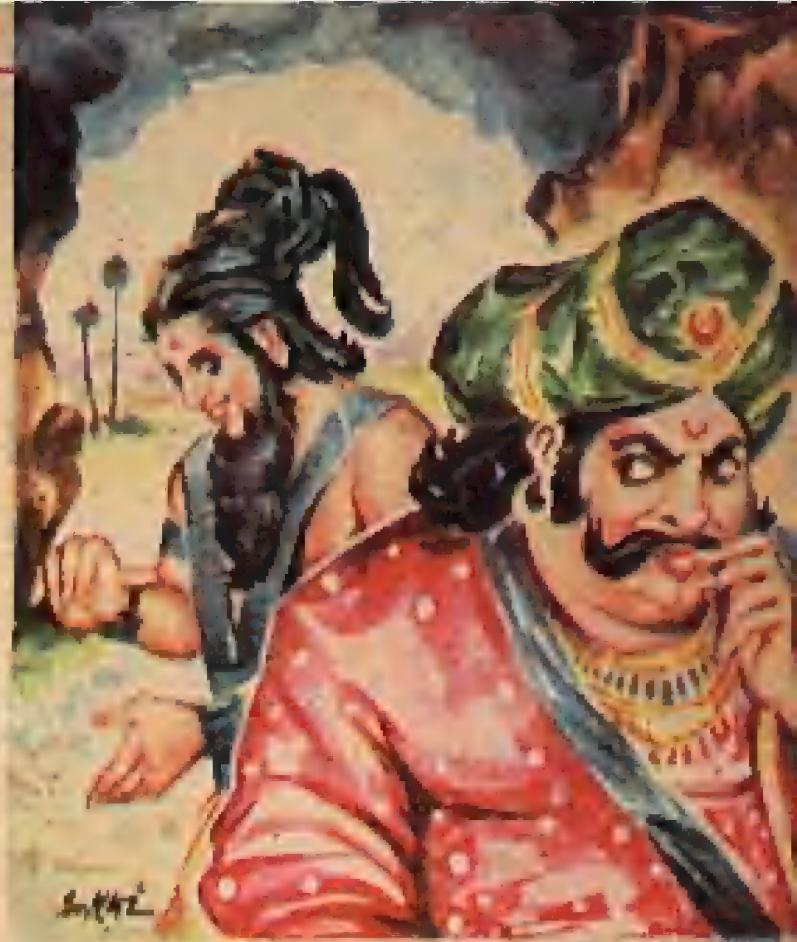
The wizard and his assistant helped the king to come out of his bejewelled coat, diamond-studded turban, and gold-bordered *dhoti*. He was also relieved of his rings and necklaces.

Then he was pushed into the hollow.

"But it is as dark as ink on the other side!" murmured the king half through the hollow.

"You should soon get accustomed to it," said the wizard, giving a final push to His Majesty.

The king fell on the other side with a thud and cried out,



"But I don't wish to get accustomed to it, wizard dear, please complete the ritual quickly."

"It is almost complete," said the wizard—now completely dressed up in the king's garments. He had removed his false beard. His assistant trimmed his side burns and whiskers, gave him a final touch of resemblance with the king.

The king was growing impatient. "I'm hungry!" he cried out. "Give me those delicious dishes of mine!"

The wizard hopped on to the hollow. The king looked at his turbaned head in surprise, and asked, "Who are you?"

"The king, of course!" replied the wizard.

"Don't speak nonsense, if you're the king, who am I?"

"Probably the wizard!" replied the wizard, perched on the hollow.

"But I don't know a thing of wizardry! Otherwise I'd change those pebbles into luddoos!"

"You've forgotten. Just as I've forgotten where lies the key of my hidden treasure in my castle. Can you tell me? If you can, food and sunlight will be yours again."

"I won't!" cried out the king. "I've understood your trick. You starved me so that I'll not be able to fight you now. You

are wicked. You are an imposter."

The assistant held up a dish. The wizard ate from it with relish while the king looked on helpless from the pit.

"Give me my food!" he burst out.

The wizard handed down a luddoo to him. "You'll get a luddoo a day and nothing more until you have told me about the key."

"Once I have told you you'll stop giving me even this much and leave me to die! What a fool I was to believe you, wow wow!"

The king whimpered on while eating the luddoo.

*To continue*





## LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

### A JACKAL OUT TO CONQUER VARANASI

Long long ago the Bodhisattva was born in the family of a scholarly Brahmin of Varanasi. When very young, he became the priest to the king.

It so happened that the Bodhisattva had learnt a very rare kind of hymn. By reciting it, one could exercise great influence on all the people around oneself. Nobody would dare defy one who recited that hymn.

The Bodhisattva had no desire to gain any influence through the hymn. But he did not wish to forget it.

In order to remember it well, he decided to recite it several times at a lonely place. He chose a rock in the wilderness and sat down on it. He saw

no man or beast nearby. He was happy.

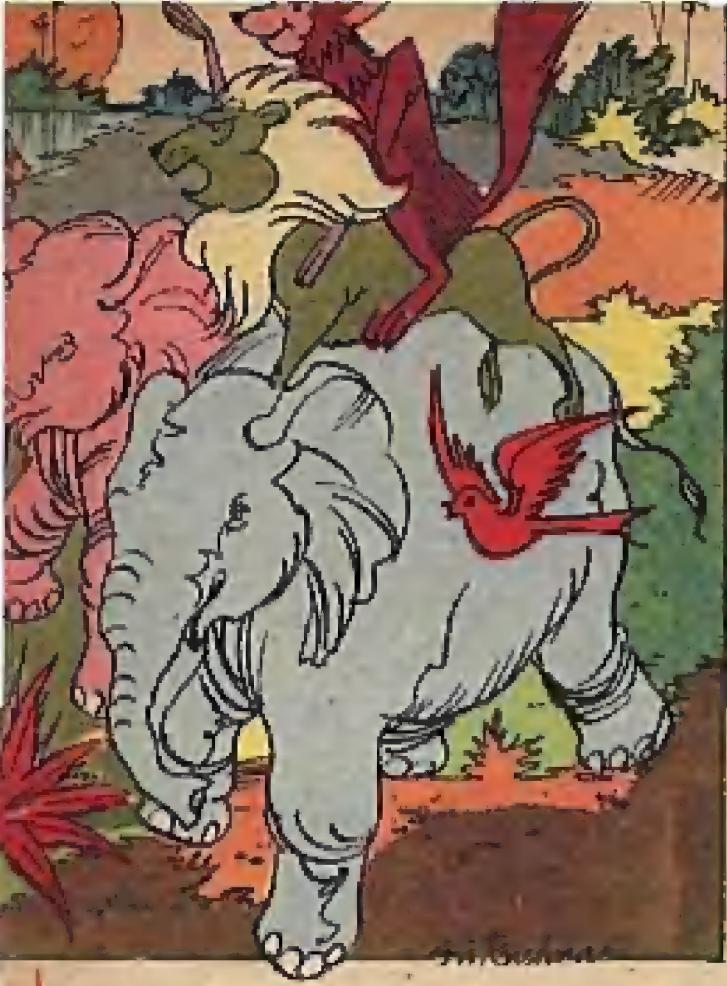
He recited the hymn several times. When the sun set, he stood up, ready to return home.

From a hole behind the rock a jackal sprang out. "Hellow Brahmin, I have got the hymn by heart. Thanks." He then ran away.

The Bodhisattva gave the jackal a chase. He did not wish an unworthy creature like it to learn such an important hymn.

But it was growing dark. There were numerous bushes around for the jackal to find hiding places for itself. The priest could not catch him.

The jackal, in his previous



life, had been a Brahmin. He was reborn as a jackal as a result of his cunning and treacherous deeds. Because of his human memory, he knew the value of the hymn he had just learnt.

The jackal saw a strong and stout jackal coming from the opposite direction and he recited the hymn. At once the strong one saluted him and gave him way. The jackal was happy.

In a day or two he gained authority over hundreds of jackals. Then he tried his hymn on boars, tigers, lions and elephants. It worked fine. They all acknowledged him as their

master. Soon a ceremony was organised. The jackal was declared the king of the forest.

The king-jackal soon chose a she-jackal for his queen. He appointed generals and ministers from lions and tigers and was happy to see everyone obeying him without murmur.

The king-jackal made two elephants stand side by side. Upon them stood a lion. He sat on the lion.

Flatterers described the jackal as the greatest of kings. The jackal grew more and more proud. One day he thought: "Must I remain content with my position as the king of only beasts? Why should I not conquer Varanasi?"

He mobilised his army made of strong beasts, mostly lions, and advanced upon Varanasi. A few people who saw the fearful army of beasts approaching the city ran along the city streets and spread the news. There was panic in Varanasi.

The king-jackal stopped before the city-gate and told the terrified gate-keepers: "Ask your king to surrender to me. Otherwise I will order my army to invade the city."

This was a queer situation. The king did not know what to

do. But the Bodhisattva told him, "Leave it to me to handle the situation."

He then stood on the city wall and addressing the king-jackal, said, "How are you going to take the city?"

"It is easy. Once my lions begin to roar, all your soldiers and citizens would run for their lives," replied the jackal.

The Bodhisattva realised that what the jackal said was not untrue. He turned to the officers who stood below the wall and said, "Go and bid every citizen to plug his or her ears with flour-paste."

When it had been done, the Bodhisattva told the jackal, "Well, you can do whatever you like to conquer Varanasi!"

The jackal, seated on the lion that stood on two elephants,

ordered his lions to give out loud roars. A terrific sound was made. The citizens, because they had sealed their ears, heard nothing or heard only a faint sound. That did not terrify them. But the two elephants leaped up at the roar. The lion that stood on them fell down. The jackal who sat on the lion lay sprawled on the ground. The nervous elephants trampled him to death!

There was a stampede among the beasts. Many died and many fled.

By beat of drum the citizens were asked to unplug their ears. There was jubilation among them, for they ate the meat of some of the animals and collected the skin of many more.

All were grateful to the Bodhisattva.

*From the Buddha Jatakas*



# Oath of Secrecy

Amarpal, the prime minister of Avanti, was highly respected for his honesty and truthfulness.

His nephew, who lived in another kingdom, once paid him a visit.

"Uncle, what is the strength of the army of Avanti?" the nephew asked in the course of his stay with the minister.

"But that is a top-secret. How do you expect me to disclose that?" asked the minister.

The nephew felt offended. "Uncle, how do you distrust me? My father, grand-father, great-grand-father, all are remembered for their greatness, aren't they? I swear by them that I will never betray you," declared the nephew with some emotion.

"It is good that you remembered those great ones. The fact is, I too have sworn by them before my king that I shall never disclose certain secrets. If I violate my oath, what right shall I have to expect that my nephew won't violate his oath?" asked the minister.

The nephew kept quiet.



# The Merchant and the Jinn

(The first part of this story appeared in the last issue. This is the second and the concluding part. A merchant unwittingly killed a jinn's invisible child. As a result, the jinn wished to kill him. Two old men intervened. Upon one old man telling the amazing story of his life, the jinn spared half of the merchant's life. He promised to spare the other half if the second old man's story too would prove interesting.)

The second old man who had been followed by two dogs told his story:—

We were three brothers. With the money our father left for us, we opened three separate shops. My two elder brothers were wayward youths. They squandered away their wealth looking for vain pleasures. Soon

they were no better than beggars.

I gave them shelter and also a share each in my business. They did not work sincerely, but I did not mind that.

Years passed. They proposed that we go out for trading in lands beyond the sea. I was not willing, but as they repea-



tedly pleaded with me, I agreed to try it. They had not saved a pie. I spent half of my saving for buying merchandise and hiring a ship. I promised to share my profit with them.

We sailed to a couple of ports and did very good business. The day we would set sail for our native town, a woman met me. She was in tattered clothes, but she was beautiful.

"O merchant!" she told me, "I have no one in this world. Will you please take me with you? I assure you that you won't have to regret for your kindness."

Her look and her conduct

and her words charmed me. I not only agreed to take her with me, but also proposed to marry her. She consented and we married.

My brothers grew terribly jealous of me. One night suddenly I woke up and found myself sinking in the sea! But next moment I felt someone drawing me and soon I was on an island.

"They had thrown you into the sea while you were asleep!" my wife who sat by my side informed me.

"Is that so?" I could not say a thing more.

"Yes, I jumped into the water



and drew you up here," she said.

"Is it not surprising that a frail woman like you should swim so well? I felt as if I was flying while you were drawing me. Since I cannot see the ship, this island must be situated far from the ship. How could you come over the waves so smoothly?" I asked her.

"My husband! I am no human being, but a female jinn. I had a desire to lead a human life for a short time. I could see that you are a good man. That is why I married you. Do you regret marrying me?" she asked me.

"Regret? But for you I had drowned!" I said gratefully.

"I will raise a storm and sink that ship. Your brothers deserve to die," she said.

"Please don't do any such thing. I won't be happy if they die," I said.

"In that case they ought to be punished in some other fashion," said my wife. "They shall be under a curse for ten years."

She turned into an eagle and, over the sea and the hills and the towns and villages, flew me, carrying me on her back, to my home. It was still night and nobody knew how I landed!



She became a woman again.

A week or so later she told me that my brothers were waiting outside the door. She also thanked me for my having accepted her as my wife. Then, turning into a bird, she flew away through my window.

I opened the door to meet my brothers. But where were they? I heard a mild barking and saw these two dogs. They moaned and in many ways showed that they indeed were my brothers, changed into dogs.

I remembered my wife saying that they will remain under a curse for ten years. I have looked after them well. I keep them

always with me lest others would misbehave with them taking them to be nothing more than dogs. The period of their curse would soon be over. They will become human beings again better human beings, I hope.

The jinn heard the story with amazement. Then he said, "Your story is as interesting as the other one's. I spare the second half of the merchant's life too!"

Thus the two old men saved the merchant from death. The merchant thanked the old men and thanked the jinn and returned home, to the great joy of his family and friends.



# A Question of Equal Share

On a hot summer day, two friends set out for a far-off destination. One was Kuppan, the other Subban. Each carried his own parcel of food. When hungry, they sat under trees nearer to a pool or a stream and ate a portion from their parcels saving the rest for the future.

Two days passed. It was mid-day when they felt tired and hungry. They wanted to eat but they had no water with them. As far as they could see, there was no stream or pool.

"Fellow travellers! I have not eaten anything for the past two days. A monkey snatched away my parcel of food. If you can give me some food, I will be much grateful to you," said a stranger.

The two friends took pity on the stranger. "We don't mind giving you a share of our food. But you see, there is no water with us," said Kuppan.

"Water! I have plenty of it with me." The stranger took out a jug from his bag.

The three sat together and





my food as much as from yours. It is not proper on your part to take three coins. Let's have an equal share. Give me change for half-silver-coin more."

Kuppan refused to oblige him. They began to quarrel. At last Kuppan pacified Subban, saying "When we reach our destination, we will ask the village-chief to settle the matter. Calm yourself."

They resumed their journey. A few more hours of walk brought them to their destination. They immediately appeared before the Panchayat of the village chief.

The two friends narrated the matter from the very beginning. The chief heard patiently and then spoke: "Well, three of you shared five pieces of bread. Let me know in what proportion you shared them!"

"Equally, Sir, equally," replied both.

"Are you sure?" asked the chief.

"Sure, Sir, equally," said Subban, with his eyes flashing.

"Then, Subban, give back one of the two silver coins to Kuppan. That settles the matter," the chief said with an air of finality.

The decision irritated Subban.

opened their parcels. Kuppan had three pieces of chapati and Subban two. They placed all the five pieces and the jug in the centre and sat facing them.

They ate and took rest. The stranger who was to go in a different direction thanked the two friends. He then placed five silver coins before them and bade good-bye to them.

Kuppan gave two coins to Subban and said, "I had three pieces of bread and so I take three coins. You had two. Here are two coins for you."

Subban accepted the two coins but said, "This is not fair. The stranger had his share from

But he did not show it. He asked the chief, "Sir! Since I too gave an equal share to the stranger, I have every right for an equal share of the money he paid. Should you not reconsider the case?"

"There is nothing to reconsider. However, for your satisfaction..." began the chief. He continued, "Both of you say that the five chapatis were shared equally. Now if a chapati has to be shared equally among three fellows, it has to be made into three equal pieces. Do you agree?"

"Yes, Sir," the friends agreed.

"Then how many pieces would you have?" the chief

asked Kuppan.

"Three into three, nine pieces, Sir," replied Kuppan.

"How many pieces will Subban have?"

"Three into two, six pieces, Sir," replied Subban.

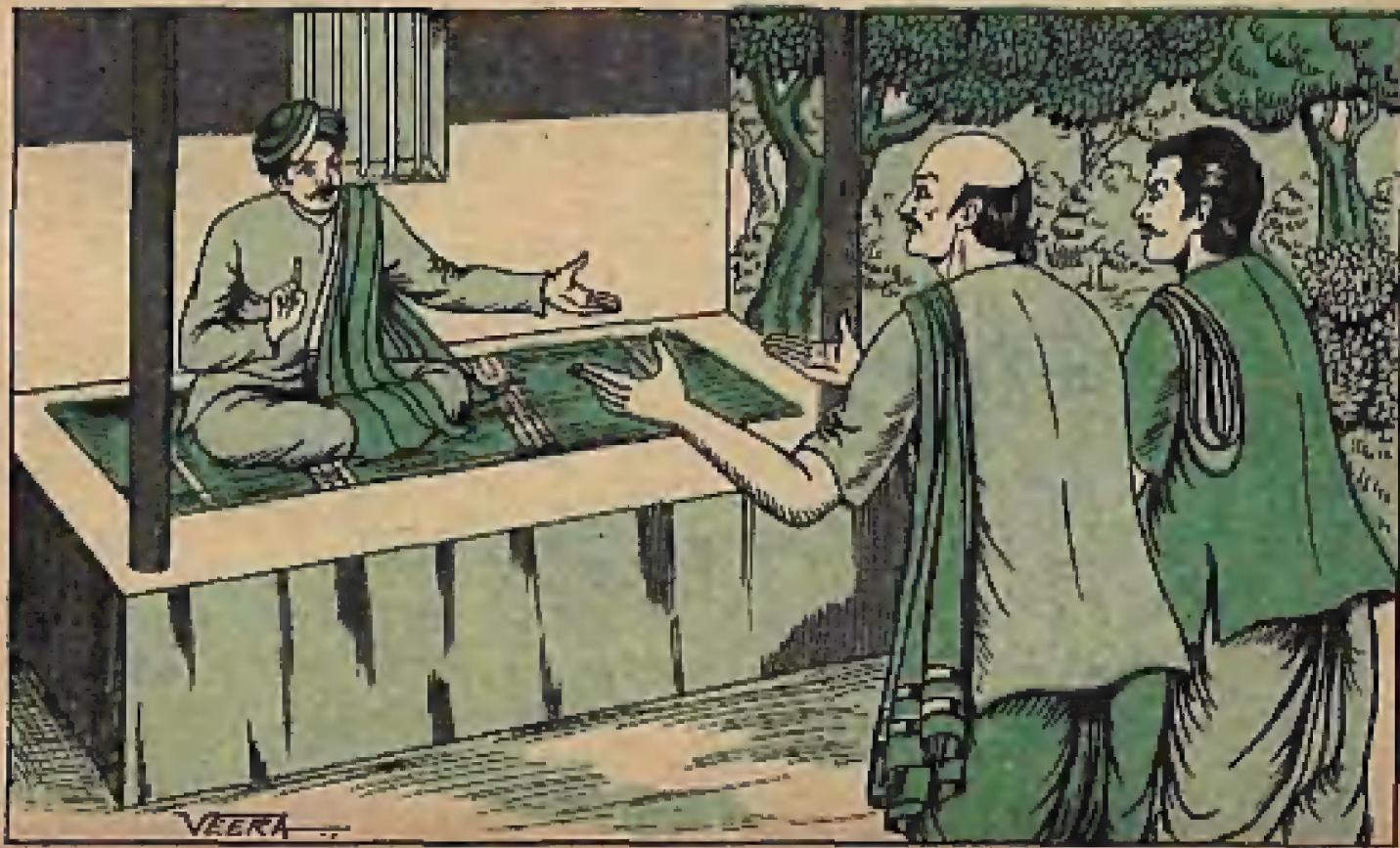
"So, how many pieces will both of you have?"

"Nine plus six, fifteen pieces," replied both.

"If three men shared fifteen pieces equally, each gets five. Am I correct?" asked the chief.

"Correct, Sir," replied Subban.

"Then tell me, Subban, how many pieces would your friend have given to the stranger after taking his share of five?"



"Taking five as his share from his nine pieces, he has given away four pieces, Sir."

"Good," said the chief. "Tell me, how many pieces would you have given to the stranger after having your share of five?"

Subban was about to give his answer. But he bit his tongue and hesitated.

"Come on, tell me," the chief raised his voice.

"One, Sir," Subban was obliged to speak out.

"That's why you get one silver coin and Kuppan who gave away four pieces bags four. Do you understand?"

Subban gave back one of the two silver coins he had received

to Kuppan. They both turned to go.

"Halt!"

It was the voice of the chief. The brothers turned back.

"You had chapatis but no water. It was the stranger who quenched your thirst. For your chapatis he gave you water. You should not have accepted any money from the stranger. For your ungratefulness, you must pay penalty. Each of you should pay a fine of one silver coin," said the chief.

The friends had no other way but to pay. Thus was gone Subban's gain of the solitary coin!

Retold by P. RAJA





*True Adventures*

## Mutiny on the Bounty

A bright morning was beginning to paint the sea in a golden hue. The ship, *H.M.S. Bounty*, was on its right course. The crew were at their duty. They looked calm.

But they looked rather unusually calm. Something extraordinary was going to happen. Many of them knew it.

The commander of the ship, Lt. Bligh, was asleep in his cabin. A strict disciplinarian, he took his men to task for the slightest mistake. That, he was sure, made everything go well.

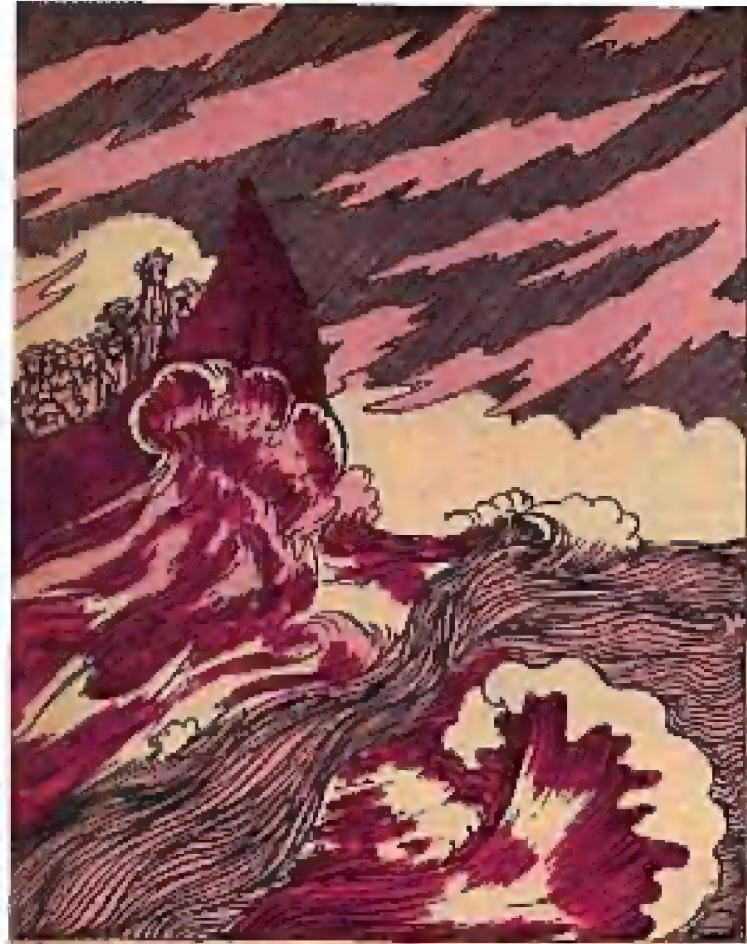
There was a knock on Bligh's door. The door was not locked from inside. Three men stepped in.

"What's the matter?" Bligh, not happy with the intrusion, asked in a rough tone.

"The matter is, you are relieved of your position. In fact, you are our prisoner," replied the leader of the three, Fletcher Christian, who pointed a pistol at his commander.

"Shut up! I'll show you what it means to play with me, you fools! Holla! Who's there? Come in and take hold of these cranks!"

But there was no response to the commander's call for help. The three men were silently at work. They soon tied Bligh's hands and shoved him out of his cabin.



Bligh, out on the deck, understood the gravity of the situation. Those who were loyal to him had already been herded there. They were guarded by armed mutineers.

H.M.S. *Bounty* was on her way to the South Sea Islands to collect breadfruit plants. They were to be brought to the West Indies for large scale plantation.

Bligh, the commander of the ship, was not the type of officer who could endear himself to men working under him. But little did he imagine that someone could raise a mutiny against him.

He yelled out threats, but in

vain. Fletcher was in complete control of the situation. Although crew-members loyal to Bligh outnumbered the mutineers, the latter had caught the former by surprise.

Fletcher ordered a boat to be lowered. Bligh and eighteen of his loyal men were driven into it. They had been allowed to carry some food and drink with them. Abandoning the small boat that swayed and swerved as its passengers struggled to adjust themselves to it, the *Bounty* headed towards Tahiti.

A weird silence dawned on the boat. Almost all of Bligh's men were inexperienced. The nearest island to land safely, Dutch Timor, was nearly six thousand kilometres away. There were other islands nearby. But they were inhospitable or only barren rocks. It was no use reaching one of them. How long will it take for the boat to reach Timor? How can they survive with the little food they had?

But Bligh knew that if ever it was necessary to be really firm and remain confident, it was now. He decided to sail in the direction of Dutch Timor.

In a few days they sighted a small island. They badly

needed some food to store. The island had coconut trees. They set anchor and tried to gather the fruit. They had hardly filled up one basket when the natives of the island sighted them. Shooting arrows and raising sticks with poisoned points, they rushed upon them. One of them, Norton, was killed.

The party entered their boat as hurriedly as it could and rowed away. But the natives hopped onto their canoes and chased the boat for a long way in the sea.

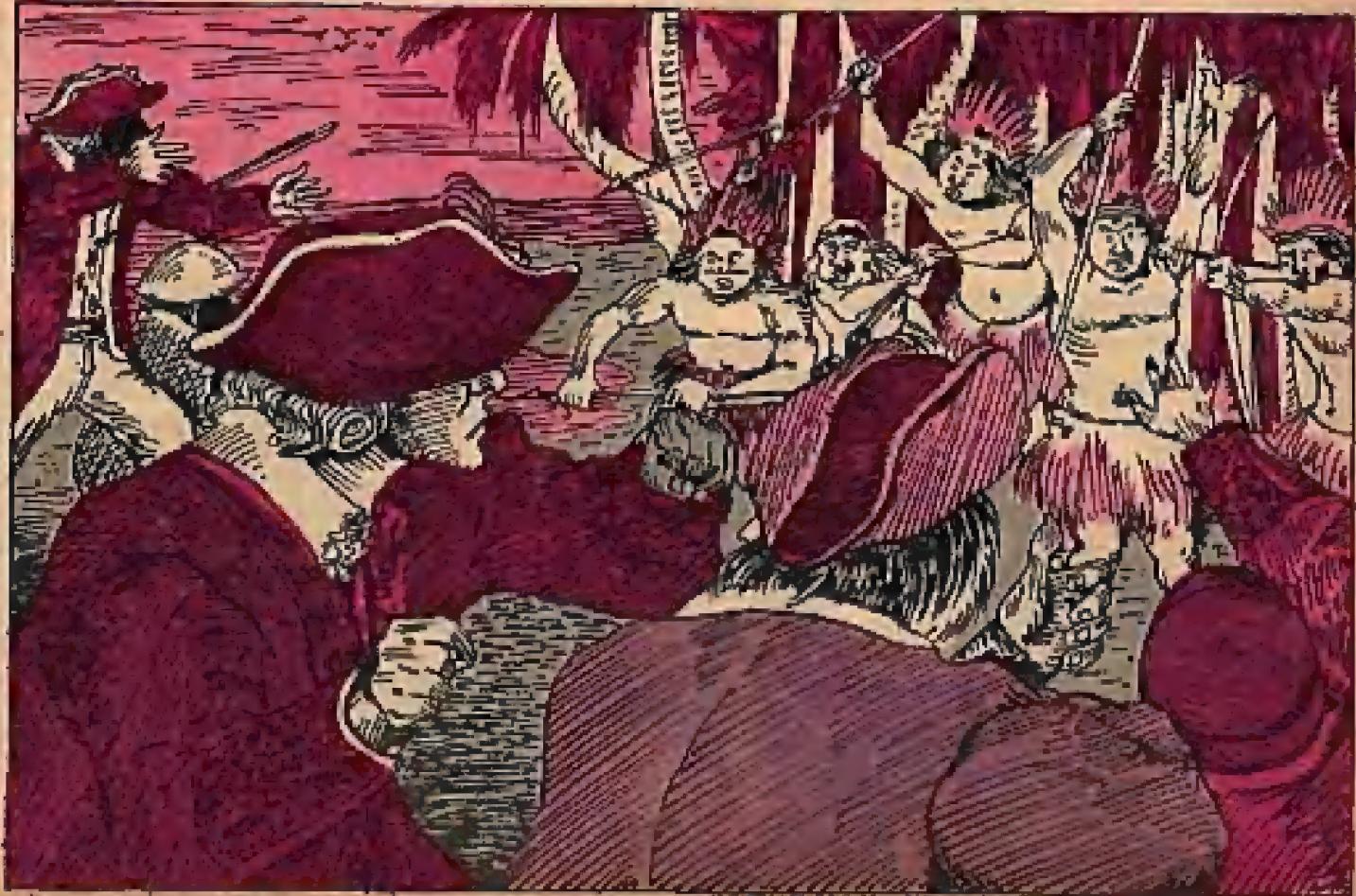
It was a terrible experience. They gave up the idea of explor-

ing any other unknown island.

Weeks that followed were unimaginably trying. For days together they lived on an ounce of bread each. Once in a while they caught hold of a bird. It was cut into tiny parts and distributed among eighteen of them.

High waves in a cyclonic weather pushed the boat high-looking as if it would be smashed to pieces. But the sea proved kind every time.

Once they faced a terrible storm. It seemed impossible to pass through it. If they waited, the storm would certainly overtake them. Even big ships could be crushed by such storms.



Bligh remembered that such storms at times had a sort of crack through them; a passage that was free from the cyclonic pressure passed through them. Bligh luckily found out the passage and bravely steered the boat through it to the other side of the storm.

Almost starved and over-worked, they were getting exhausted. For some days the weather was so cold that they sprinkled sea water on them—for that was warmer!

At last a good wind filled their sail. They sighted the shore of New Guinea. With the last ounce of strength in their muscles, they rowed on and jumped on to the ground.

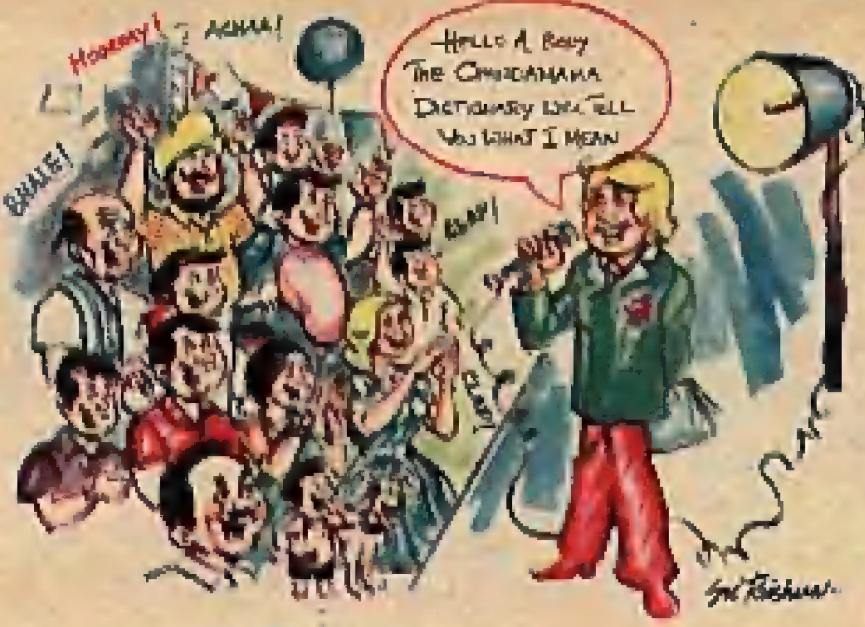
Some English sailors saw them and led them to their

camp. They were served with good dishes and treated for their miserable condition. They wept with joy and gratefulness.

Soon they returned to England and Bligh, after an inquiry, was given a higher position.

The mutineers settled down in Tahiti and Pitcairn Island. They kidnapped some of the native women and married them and set up colonies. After some years, those at Tahiti were arrested. While being brought home in a ship, many of them were drowned. Those who lived at Pitcairn, including Fletcher, had a fight with the natives. Some of them were killed. Others were taken under the protection of the British Government.





## CHANDAMAMA DICTIONARY OF SELECT WORDS AND PHRASES

A: What did you say?  
Who does not know A, the  
first letter of our alphabet?  
Of course you know. But A  
also means **every** in Scot-  
tish English.

**ABASH:** (V) "Sabash!"  
said Jhandoo, popping  
up before Kundoo who was  
midway through Mrs.  
Mitty's lost mango. Kundoo  
sat **abashed** - struck with  
shame.



**Abdabs:** "To give one the  
abdabs" means to make  
one annoyed. (Slang)

My Raja  
IS A GRADUATE IN ABCEDARIAN



**ABECEDARIAN:** (Adj) As adjective, preliminary. This is an abecedarian book on how to influence cats and win victory over rats. As noun, one who is learning ABC.

**ABJURE:** (V) Raja Sahib called a meeting of his admirers and abjured, that it gave up on oath, the practice of hunting - for the tenth time in ten years.



**ABODE:** (N) Only a dwelling place. No guarantee against cockroaches or leakage in the roof!

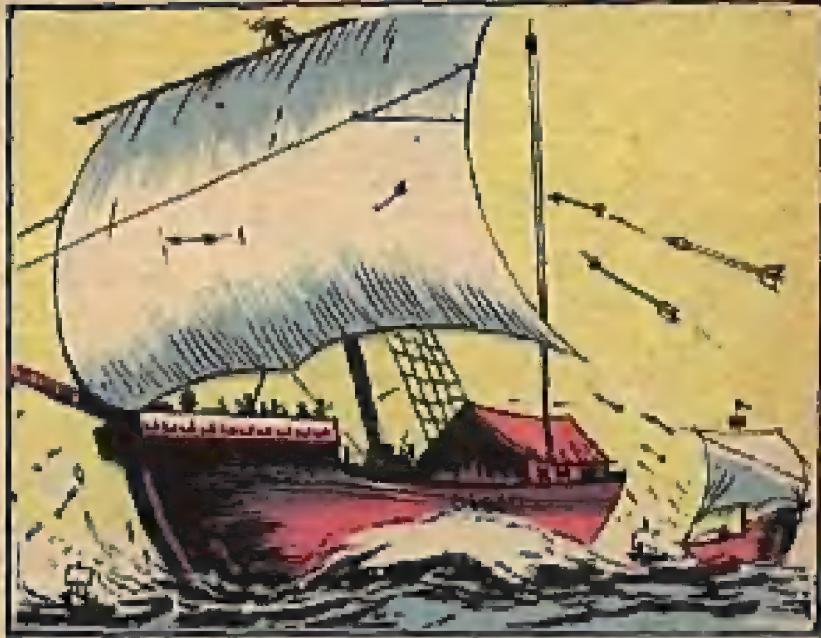


STORY OF INDIA-58

## THE INVASION AND THE REVENGE

A new religion, Islam, united the Bedouin Arabs in the 6th century. Muhammad the Prophet who founded it was succeeded by the Caliphs. Under them the Arabs carried on a ruthless conquest of many lands. They coveted the fabulous Hindustan.

Soon they found an excuse for their expedition. A fleet of ships sailing from Lanka was plundered by pirates while sailing along the Sind Coast. The ships carried gifts from the King of Lanka for the Caliph's Viceroy in Iraq, Al Haja.



Sind was then ruled by King Dahir. The Caliph demanded compensation from him. But the king rejected the demand saying that he could not be responsible for the action of pirates. The ships ought to have carried enough men and arms to protect themselves!



No sooner had King Dahir's reply reached Al Hajaj than he sent a large army to conquer Sind. A fierce battle took place at Debal. Though unprepared to face the attack, King Dahir fought bravely and routed the invaders. Their commanders were killed.

The news of the defeat upset Al Hajaj. With the Caliph's help he raised a much larger army and appointed his own son-in-law, Muhammad Kasim, as its general. Kasim was courageous and tactful. He attacked Debal ferociously.



A treacherous feudal chief of Debal named Kaka Kotal was secretly won over by Muhammad Kasim. Kaka Kotal spread a rumour that the astrologers had predicted Dahir's defeat. The rumour demoralised Dahir's army. Some of his generals went over to the enemy side.

King Dahir, fighting bravely, was grievously wounded. He was brought into the fort through a secret door guarded by trusted soldiers, but was declared dead by his physician. His queen, Rani Bai, knew that it was no time for weeping.



Queen Rani Bai took up the challenge and cheered her soldiers from the roof-top of her fort. She directed the defence as long as she could. When the enemy pressed closer, she and the inmates of the palace tried to check them by hurling balls of fire and boulders at them.

At last the queen realised that the fall of the fort was certain. She and most of the women of the palace enclosed themselves in a room and set fire to it, to save their honour. When the Arabs stormed in, they only found their charred bodies.





Muhammad Kasim put to death thousands of Indian prisoners, and led thirty thousand prisoners as slaves to Iraq. Among them were two young daughters of King Dahir. He sent the princesses to the Caliph as his gift.

The Caliph, amazed at the beauty of the princesses, desired to marry them. But they said that Kasim had married them already! The furious Caliph ordered that Kasim be brought to him sewn in a hide!



Kasim let himself be sewn in a hide. He died on his way to the Caliph. Only then the princesses declared that Kasim had never married them. They had avenged the death of their parents. Mad with fury, the Caliph buried the two girls alive!

## MOSES AND HIS MISSION (I)



The descendants of Joseph, known as the Israelites, grew in number and prosperity. Jealous of them, the king of Egypt made them work like slaves.



As if that were not enough, the king ordered every male child of the Israelites to be thrown into the river. Soldiers snatched babies from mothers.



A boy was born to an Israelite woman who hid him here and there. But soon she realised how difficult it is to protect the child.



She put the child in a basket and left it near the river-bank. The princess, coming to bathe, found it.



It so happened that the child's own mother was appointed as its nurse. The princess paid her for her services!

The child, Moses, grew up safe as the princess' adopted son. But he was sad at the suffering of his people, the Israelites.

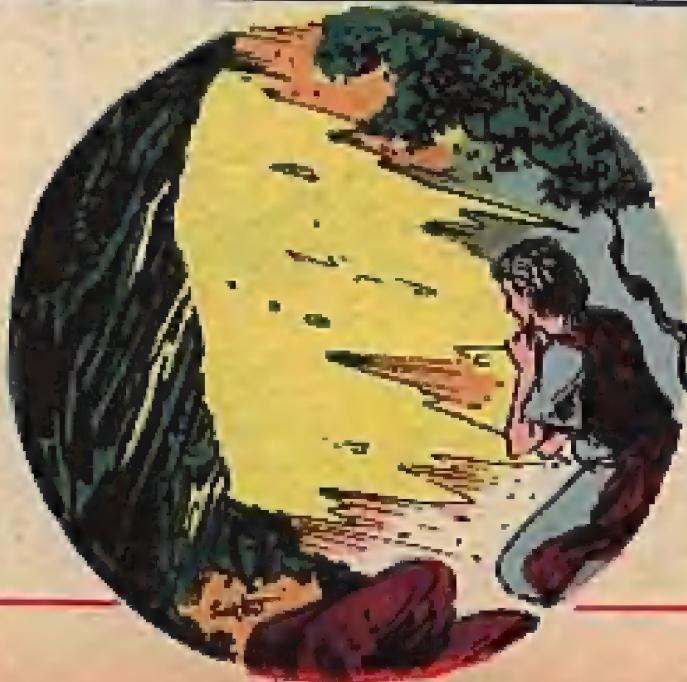


One day, while watching the sheep in the field, he saw a bush on fire, but the green leaves did not burn. He went closer.



Out of the flames God appeared. He asked Moses to go and meet the king and tell him to free the Israelites.

- To continue.





## The Goblin's Secret

Sukumar had many qualities. He was witty, intelligent, hard-working, good at studies, and kind to others.

But his father was not sure whether one of his traits should be considered a quality or a defect. It was his fearlessness.

Nobody denies the truth that it is good to be fearless. The question was—to what extent? Was it advisable to brave into a burning house to someone's rescue? Was it advisable to brave a storm to keep an appointment? Was it good to roam about alone, in the dark?

His father thought that it would be good to arouse in Sukumar some fear for ghosts before he chanced upon some real ghosts. He made a servant wear a ghostly make-up and let him hide atop a banyan tree. At night he asked Suku-

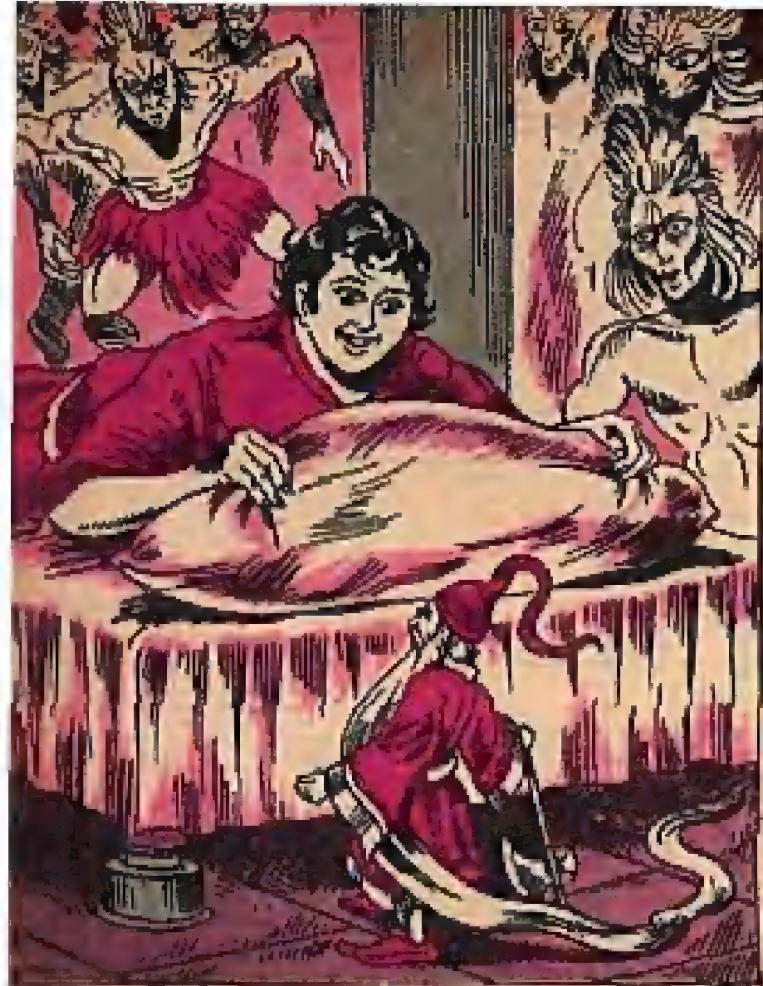
mar to fetch some leaves from that tree.

When Sukumar reached the tree, the servant gave out a cry that could have been spine-chilling to anybody. But far from getting scared, Sukumar climbed the tree and pushed the 'ghost' down!

That was a good-enough push for the servant to take to his heels! Sukumar returned with the leaves and just casually told his father how he dislodged a weird thing off the tree!

Years passed. The fond father thought that Sukumar ought to gain some experience of the wide world. That would make him cautious and prudent—he hoped.

Sukumar went out in deference to his father's wish. He saw a couple of towns and a number of temples. One evening, while passing through a



bazar, he saw a desolate castle. He decided to spend his night there.

"Hello, boy, why are you entering that haunted house?" a villager who saw him asked.

"Haunted house, is it? That suits me fine. I meet human beings galore. Once in a while it is good to meet ghosts," he said with a chuckle.

"This was the castle of a landlord. He and his family got killed long ago. Now a goblin chief lives here, along with the ghost of a charming girl, perhaps his daughter, and a number of servant-ghosts," the villager informed Sukumar

further.

Inside, Sukumar saw a clean bed. He lay down, waiting for sleep.

No torchlight had been invented then. Sukumar heard a thud but could not see what it was. Soon the house was flushed with some kind of light, resembling moonlight. Next moment Sukumar saw a number of shadows dancing around him. Evidently they did not dance to please him. They made fearful gestures.

"How dare you sleep on my bed?" asked a parrot-like voice. Sukumar saw a dwarfish being whose beard was thrice the length of his size.

"Are you the goblin-chief living here?" asked Sukumar. "Who are you to ask me that question, you intruder? You think this bed had been prepared for you, eh?" asked the angry goblin raising his axe to strike Sukumar with it.

Sukumar hopped down from the bed and snatched the axe from the goblin's hand. But the axe slipped and fell on the goblin's beard.

Something funny happened. When his beard remained pressed against the ground, the goblin began floating in the air.

"Release me, release me, I say. You know the secret of imprisoning me. Well, release me and I shall leave this house with my party immediately. It is very painful!" cried out the goblin.

"So, now you know!" said Sukumar and he removed the axe. The goblin and all his shadowy ghosts disappeared instantly.

Sukumar started surveying the castle. His eyes fell on a charming girl standing on a balcony.

"I guess you are the goblin's daughter. Why did you not go away with the others?" asked Sukumar.

"Why should I be the goblin's daughter? He loved me like his child, no doubt. But I am as human as you are. He kidnapped me when I was very

young. He never let me see anybody," said the girl.

"Who is your father?" asked Sukumar.

"Will you please take me to him if I tell you? I am the king's daughter," replied the girl.

Sukumar was amazed. He had heard that the little princess had been lost. He asked the princess to follow him. By morning they reached the palace.

The king and the queen were so happy that they did not know how to reward Sukumar. The minister proposed that the princess be married to the gallant boy. The king and the queen liked the idea.

Sukumar's father was informed. "Good God!" exclaimed he, "Who knew that my boy's dare-devilry would land him in the palace in the position of the royal son-in-law!"



## A HASTY RETURN

Dark was the night and eerie the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Flashes of lightning showed ghastly faces. Howls of jackals were punctuated by the weird laughter of spirits.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the tree and brought the corpse down. However, no sooner had he begun crossing the desolate cremation ground than the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, it seems, you are bent upon mastering some supernatural power. But you ought to know that supernatural power does not necessarily pay. Let me give you an illustration. Listen to it with attention. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: You know that the gundharvas are supernatural beings who live happily in their own domain, engaged in practising a variety of arts. They can perform miracles.

Pragalva was a gundharva who had developed a good deal



of curiosity about the world of human beings. He desired to spend a few days among men.

One day he flew down into a charming forest full of flowers and fruits. He saw a man cutting wood.

"It would be fun to give a surprise to this fellow," thought Pragalva. He sprang up before him, giving out a shout.

The wood-cutter took a step backward. Pragalva was amused. He laughed.

"You don't seem to be a human being!" observed the wood-cutter.

"Why should I be one? I'm a gundharva. We are beings much superior to you men. We can do miracles," said Pragalva boastfully.

"Is that so? Mere words won't convince me. Can you perform some miracles?" challenged the man.

"Any number of them. Tell me what would convince you of my power. I shall act accordingly. But let us agree to a condition. If I cannot do whatever you ask me to do, I shall remain in obedience to you forever. But if I can meet your challenge successfully, you shall be my dog," said the gundharva.



The man agreed to the condition and said, "First I shall like you to change that banian tree into an elephant!"

"Let it be so," said the gundharva, waving his hand and muttering some strange words. Lo and behold, the tree changed into an elephant and walked away!

"What more do you want me to do?" asked the gundharva.

"Follow me," said the man and he led the gundharva to his hut.

"Can you change this hut into a fine mansion?" he asked.

"It is done!" said the gundharva. In the twinkling of an

eye the hut disappeared, giving way to a mansion.

The man had a younger brother who was lame and very weak.

"I wonder if you can cure this boy's deformity and make him strong," he said, showing the boy to the gundharva.

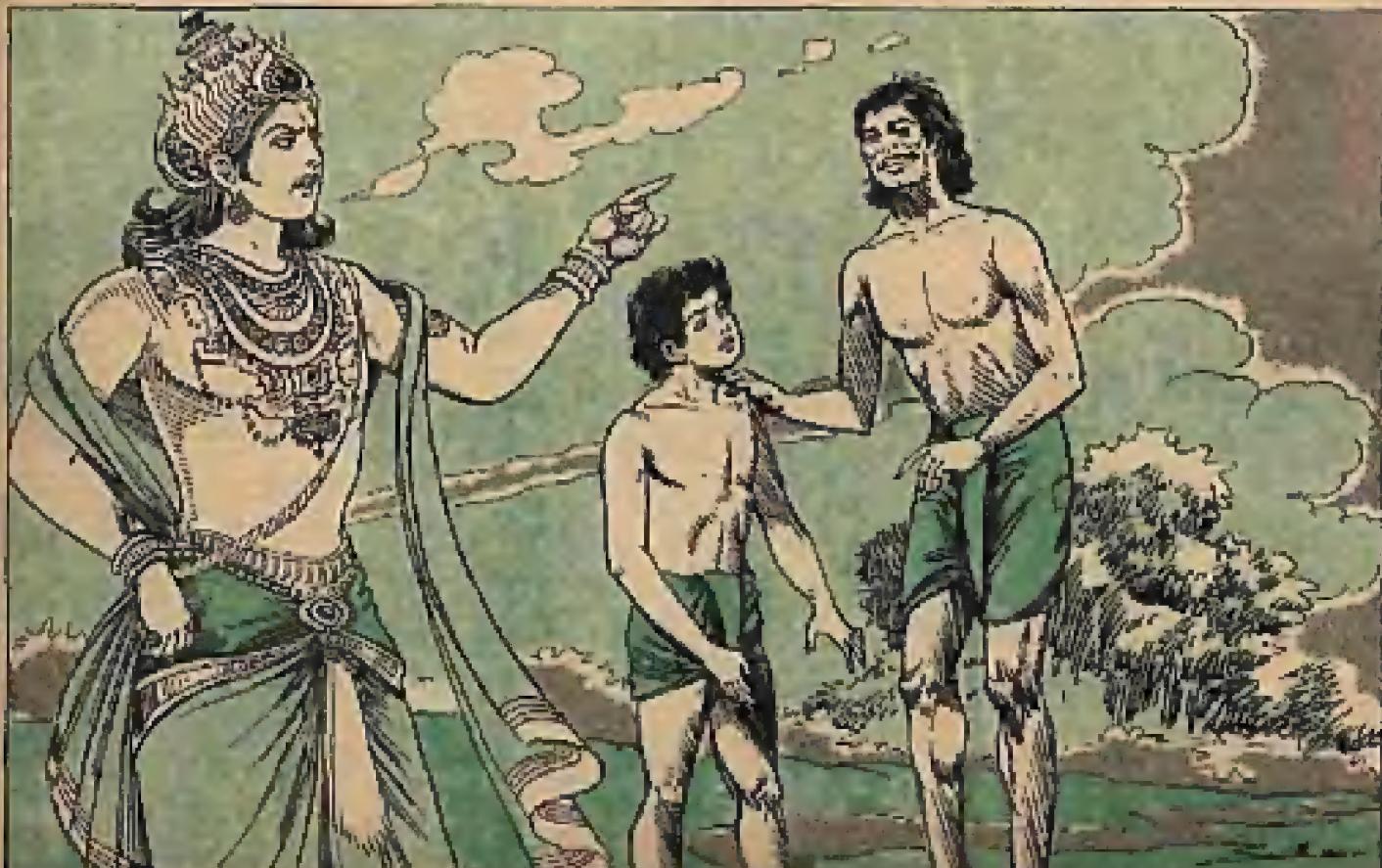
"I can!" said the gundharva, passing his hand on the boy's head. Next moment the boy became handsome and healthy. His lameness was gone.

The man embraced his brother. He was so excited that he forgot his supernatural guest for a moment.

The gundharva suddenly grew

restless. "You sly fellow! You are using my power to your benefit in the name of testing me! Now that you have been convinced of my power, I must have you for my dog!" yelled the gundharva.

"Wait," said the man. "I'm yet to be convinced. An elephant might have remained hidden behind the tree and I might have thought that the tree changed into an elephant. So far as the transformation of my hut into a mansion is concerned, it might have been ordained by Providence. This boy getting cured of his lameness might be the result of his



taking medicine for long. You must do something which could not have been caused by any other factor."

"What do you mean? Ask me for one more miracle—the last one!" said the gundharva.

"Right. Just change yourself into a me and change me into yourself!" proposed the man.

The gundharva brooded over the proposal. He looked pale. Lowering his tone, he said, "You win. But please let me depart, will you?"

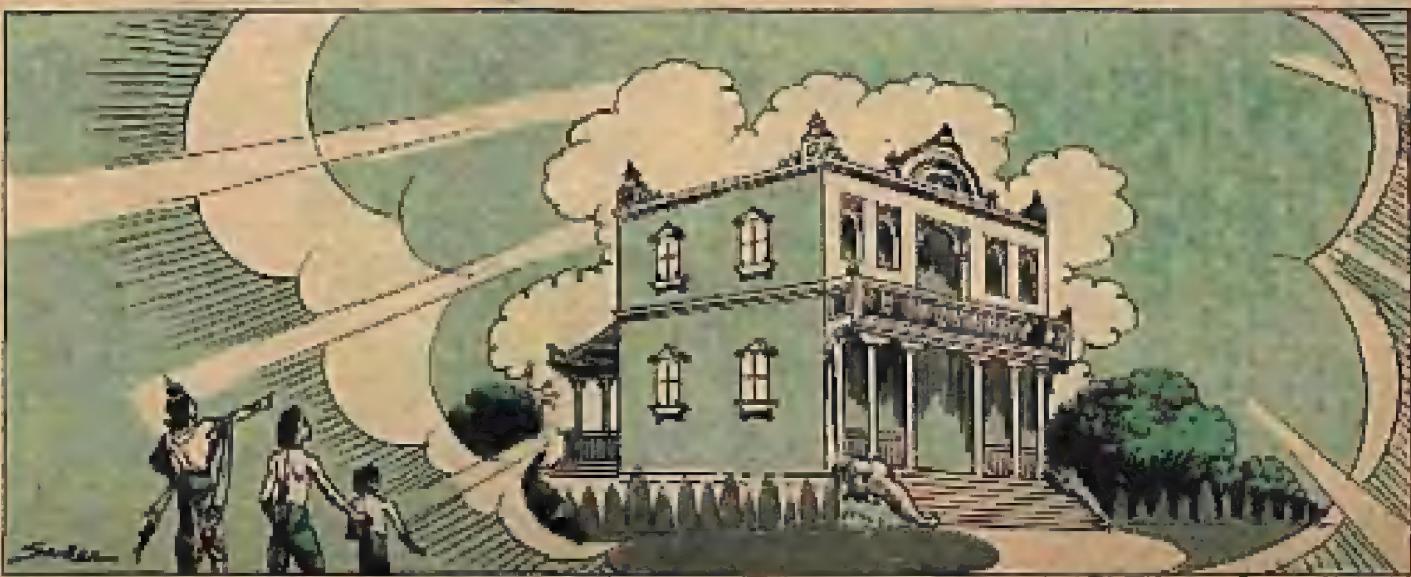
"You may go. Come again when you please," said the man.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked the king in a challenging tone: "O King, why did the gundharva accept defeat? Was it impossible on his part to do as demanded by the man? Answer me, O King, if you can. If

you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulder."

King Vikram answered forthwith: "The gundharvas are rich with supernatural powers. But that does not mean that they are cleverer than men. Had the gundharva fulfilled the wood-cutter's demand, he would not have remained a gundharva any longer. The wood-cutter would have become a gundharva and could have turned him into his dog! The gundharva realised how dangerous it is to deal with men. He thought it wise to return to his own domain as soon as possible."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





## TALES OF MULLA NASRUDDIN

### The Day Nasruddin grew Wiser

Mulla Nasruddin was out on a long journey. He stood under the cool shade of a huge banyan tree. He looked upward and saw the branches filled with numerous little fruit.

"What a large tree, but how small are its fruit! Had I been the maker of this tree, I would have adorned it with fruit as large as pumpkins, if not larger" mused Nasruddin.

Just then a tiny fruit fell on his head and rolled down to the ground.

"Well, well, Nasruddin," he told himself, "now you understand why the fruit are small, don't you? You have grown wiser!"

### The Mulla Goes to See for Himself

Mulla Nasruddin and one of his friends were passing through a town. Some boys surrounded them and pestered them for some contribution. They wanted to have a feast.

"Feast? Boys, don't you know that the Sultan is throwing a grand feast for all just now?" he asked the boys.

The boys looked at one another. Soon one of them began running in the direction of the Sultan's palace. Then an-



other boy ran. Then a third and then a fourth. Soon all were seen running.

The Mulla observed them. Suddenly he too quickened his pace and then started running. "What's this? Why are you running?" asked his friend.

"One may be wrong, even two or three or four may be wrong. But don't you see how all of them are running towards the Sultan's palace? Who knows if the Sultan is not really throwing a feast? I must run and see for myself!" replied Nasruddin.

### That is the Question

Nasruddin entered the garden of a rich man. He uprooted vegetables and put them in a sack.



Suddenly the owner of the property came upon him. "How dared you enter this garden?" he demanded.

"Dared? Never. A gust of wind carried me and threw me down here!"

"How dared you uproot those vegetables?" demanded the man.

"Dared? Never. I was holding on to them to resist the fierce wind. They got uprooted."

"How then did they go into this sack?"

"That is the question, I was just going to ask you to solve the mystery," replied the Mulla with a grin.



## THE CLEVER DEVOTEE

Once a yogi, pleased with a devotee of his, offered to teach him a hymn. By reciting the hymn he would be able to get any one wish fulfilled.

"O Compassionate Guru, kindly teach me a hymn by reciting which I can get at least two of my wishes fulfilled," the devotee pleaded with the yogi.

"No, son, only one boon would be good for you," said the guru.

But the devotee decided to be clever. He insisted on a hymn that would grant him two boons. The yogi taught him a hymn accordingly.

He returned home and recited the hymn, desiring to have his house filled with gold. Next moment he had gold galore around him.

"But this will attract everybody's attention and all will be jealous of me or try to plunder me!" he thought. He recited the hymn for the second time and wished that the gold should be invisible to all but himself.

Thereafter when he tried to sell a little of his gold, people took him to be mad, for nobody could see the gold.





## The Real Capital

Subhas passed his time in gossip or card-playing. He had a number of good-for-nothing friends. Whatever pocket-money Subhas got from his father was spent in entertaining those friends.

"My son, it is not good to waste your time. An idle mind becomes the haunt of evil thoughts. One does not take note of one's own degradation," his father used to tell him.

Subhas kept quiet before his father, but told his mother, "Is there any dearth of working people in the world?"

"It is not for the sake of the world, my son, but for your own sake that you are advised to take up some work," his mother told him.

But Subhas did not seem convinced.

He got married. Soon there-

after he told his wife, Usha, "I want to start a business. Go and ask your parents to provide me with fifty thousand rupees."

Usha knew that Subhas would be swindled of the money in no time—thanks to the friends he had! But she left for her parents' house.

A month passed. Even then she did not come back. Subhas grew impatient. He reached his father-in-law's house and demanded of Usha, "Did I send you here to have a good time for weeks and months?"

"You sent me for money. I told my mother about it. She had nothing with her. She went to her mother and requested for a loan. My granny is still trying to arrange the amount," explained Usha.

"But who will cook and do the household chores if you re-



main here?"

"Well, will it be difficult to find hands for such works if one earns?"

Subhas kept quiet. Then he asked, "Why did you ask your mother, instead of your father, for the money?"

After some hesitation, Usha said, "I had asked him for it. He told me point-blank that one who was truly enthusiastic for starting a business would never wait for fifty thousand rupees. He would begin with fifty

rupees.

One who thinks that he can do nothing without a big capital does not know what true capital is. He is not likely to succeed."

Subhas returned home, with Usha, the same day. He began his business with a small amount of money. It flourished. In two years he was an established merchant in his town.

"From the hint your father gave I realised what true capital is. It is not money, but enthusiasm," he told Usha.

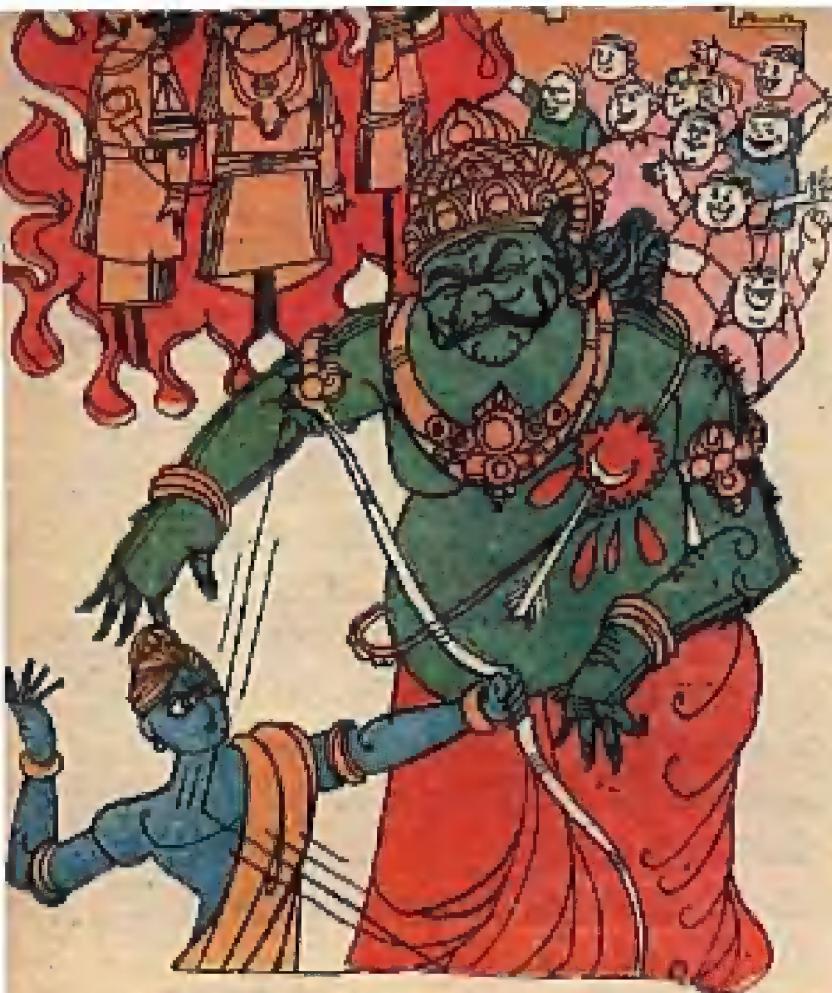
An author:

"My works would be read long after Kalidasa and Shakespeare have been forgotten."

A listener:

"And not till then!"





## FESTIVALS OF INDIA

# The Dussehra

epic, *Ramayana*, through drama, dance, and music. On the tenth day the Ramlila Ground becomes a sea of festive humanity. Fire is put to three large effigies, stuffed with crackers. They represent Ravana and his two notorious lieutenants—his brother and his son. When the effigies burn with the crackers bursting, it becomes a spectacular sight.

In the whole of Bengal and in many other areas of the eastern India the emphasis is on the worship of Durga. Though Mother Divine, she is also the daughter of every Bengali home. She comes down from the Himalaya, the abode of her consort, Shiva, for spending a few days on the earth. Her *Puja* is marked by great excitement; the atmosphere is charged with the powerful Sanskrit hymns recited to invoke her. On the tenth day hundreds of beautiful ima-

Dussehra, the most widely celebrated festival, reminds the people that good triumphs over evil. Known in the north as the *Vijaya Dashami*, it commemorates Rama's victory over Ravana.

Rama, before setting out to rescue Sita from her captivity in Lanka, offered *Puja* to Goddess Durga. Hence the *Vijaya* (victory) celebration is also an occasion for expressing gratitude to Goddess Durga.

In every part of India the celebration goes on for ten days. Delhi, the capital of India, goes joyous with so many troupes presenting episodes from the

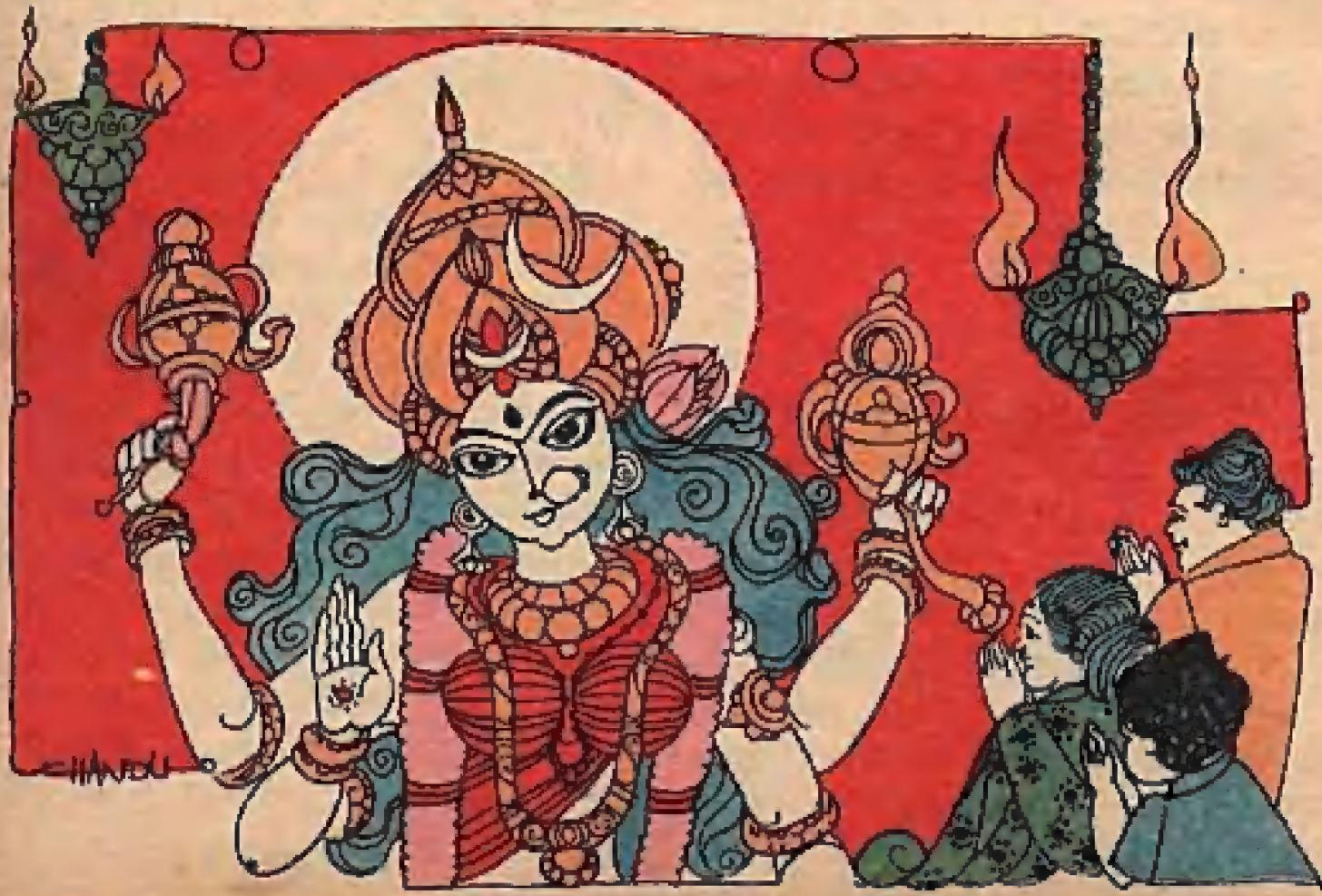
ges of the goddess are carried to rivers and lakes and are immersed in them.

The image worshipped is shown in the process of the goddess slaying Mahisasura, the buffalo-headed demon that had once proved a menace to men and the gods. In the south the occasion is generally known as the *Navaratri*, meaning nine holy nights. At Mysore—the town that is believed to have got its name from Mahisasura, and also believed to be the very place where Durga killed the demon—the Dussehra is observed with great pomp and show, marked

by a glittering procession.

In many homes in the south dolls and images of gods and goddesses are arrayed in tiers and the display is known as the *Navaratri Kolu*.

With some variation in the rituals, the Dussehra is celebrated in Maharashtra and Gujarat with enthusiasm. In many homes the Divine Mother is worshipped as Amba Mata—Mother Earth—symbolised in an earthen pot filled with water. In Gujarat the women folk dance around the *Garbo* or a lamp, and the dance is called the *Garba*.





## GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

The gods, as advised by Vishnu, prayed to the Divine Mother, saying: "The earth is tormented by many a wicked being, including Kamsa. The spirit of the earth, Bhudevi, is feeling much harassed. In the past you have vanquished such evil powers before whom even Vishnu and Shiva have felt shy. O Mother, be kind to the earth and lighten its burden."

Said Indra, the king of the gods: "O Mother, hardly anything can be achieved without your support. You have protected us through the ages. Be compassionate and respond to our prayer once again."

"O Supreme Goddess, you

are the source of strength even for Brahma, Shiva, and myself. We have never dared to undertake any great task without your blessings," added Vishnu.

"What do you wish me to do?" asked the Divine Mother, her voice vibrant with compassion.

"Mother! The institution of kingship has been degraded. Once the kings were the examples of nobleness, courage, and sacrifice. Now they do not hesitate to indulge in all sorts of sin. Please save the earth from their tyranny," said the gods.

The Goddess kept quiet for a moment. The gods said again: "Mother, we can never forget



how once you subdued the terrible Mahisasura. Moreover, you killed Shumbha and Nishumbha, the scourge of the earth. The list of formidable evil elements liquidated by you does not end here. It includes Chanda, Munda, Dhumralochana, Durmukha, Duhsaha, Karala and more. Who but you can come to Bhudevi's rescue?"

A splendid smile flashed on the lips of the Mother. She said: "I had already decided to incarnate on the earth in order to rid it of the tyrants. I advise you gods to go and take birth as human beings. Let

Kasyapa be born in the Yadava clan as Vasudeva. Vishnu, in fulfilment of a curse thrown on him by Bhrigu, will take birth as a son of Vasudeva. I shall be there as the daughter of Nanda and Yasoda and take hold of the situation from behind the scene.

"Gaol shall be the birth-place of Vishnu. He shall be carried to Gokul. My power shall find expression through Krishna and Balarama who will punish the wicked. Arjuna, who would imbibe an emanation of Indra, would go a long way in fulfilling the mission. He will find excellent support in his work from Yudhisthira, the emanation of Dharmma, Bhima, the emanation of Vayu, Nakula and Sahadeva, the emanations of Asvini, and Bhisma, the incarnation of a Vasu. Through you all shall I work. You can go and do accordingly."

The Goddess grew invisible. The gods dispersed.

On the lake Kalindi was a lovely forest. A demon named Lavana and his son Madhu had taken control of the forest. King Shatrughna defeated Madhu and founded a city in the forest. The city was called Madhura or Mathura, after its

former ruler.

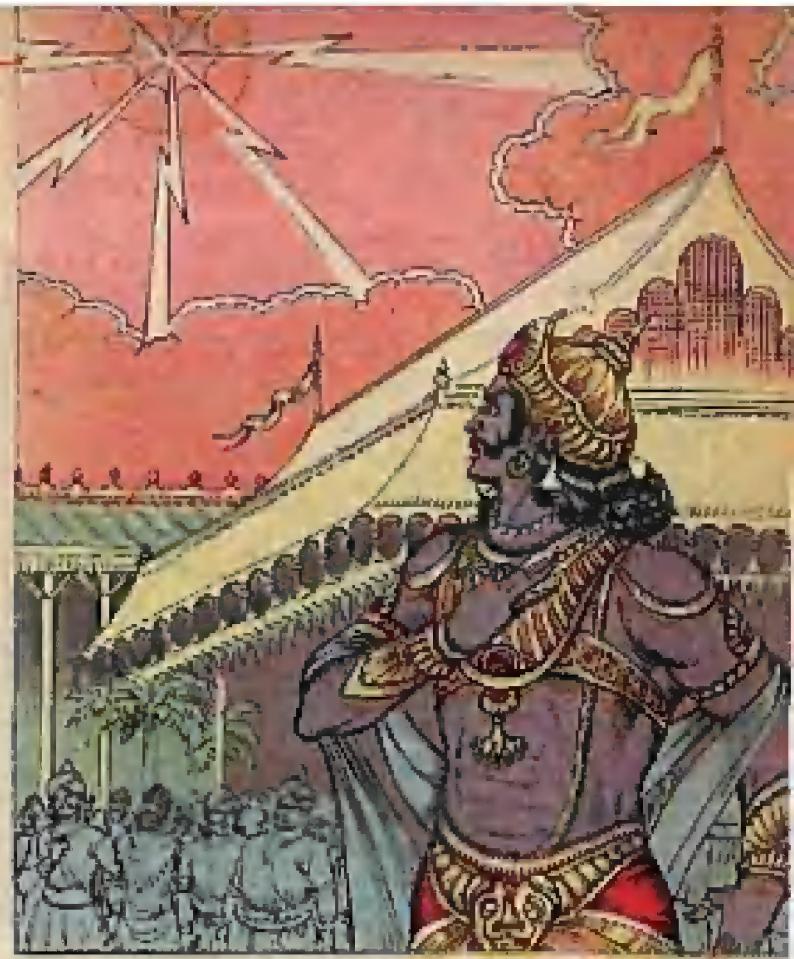
Long afterwards Mathura came under the occupation of the Yadus. King Surasen of the dynasty had a son who was none other than Kasyapa. He was named Vasudeva. Aditi was born as Devaki and she married Vasudeva. As Vasudeva was not interested in ruling the kingdom, Ugrasen, a remote descendant of Madhu, functioned as the ruler. Kamsa was his son and Devaki was his niece. Kamsa usurped the throne from his father. Just when Devaki's marriage with Vasudeva was being performed, a celestial voice said: "O Kamsa, your doom will be brought about by the eighth child of Devaki!"

Kamsa felt much disturbed. He thought of killing Devaki in order to forestall the prophecy. But how to kill a sister? What would all the people say? Won't they take him for a coward?

Even then the barbaric prince took hold of Devaki by the hair and unsheathed his sword.

Vasudeva caught hold of Kamsa and checked him from beheading Devaki.

The Yadavas, greatly agitated, stood up and said in one voice, "Don't dare you hurt



Devaki! If you do, we shall not sit quiet!"

Kamsa, angry with the Yadavas, turned to face them. But the elderly members of the audience checked him. They said, "O Kamsa, do not act in haste. How to know that the voice did not come from some mischievous supernatural being? If it did, its aim is to make you do something heinous. In consequence you will suffer. That will make the being gleeful."

"On the other hand, if the voice came from some god and if the prophecy is true, no effort on your part can change the course of events."

Even then Kamsa did not seem satisfied. Said Vasudeva, "Well, my brother, I promise to surrender the children born of Devaki to you. Do what you like with them. You need not kill your sister."

Kamsa knew that Vasudeva never went back on his word. He calmed down. The marriage was over.

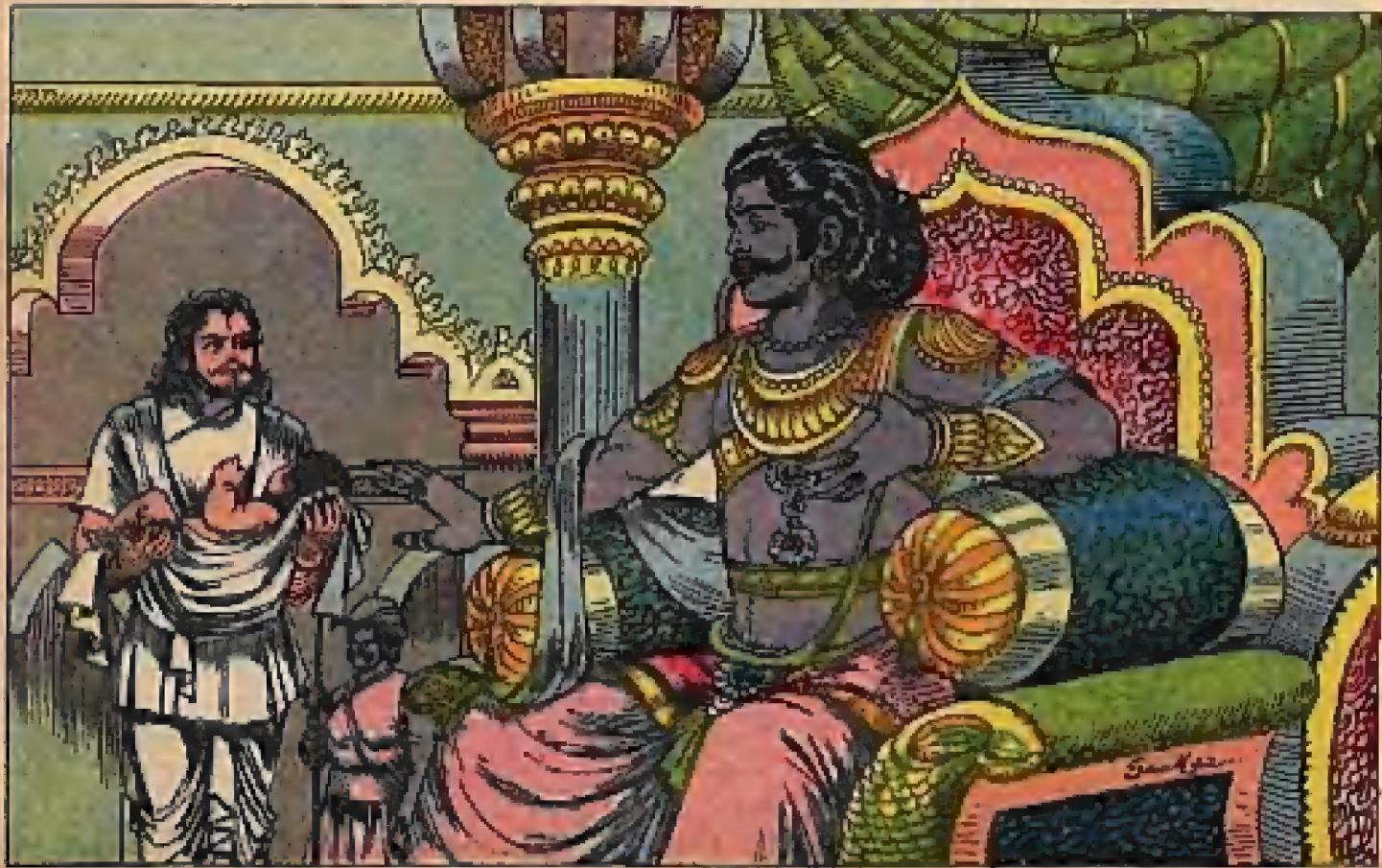
In due course Devaki gave birth to a charming son.

"I must surrender the child to Kamsa as promised. Do not grieve. Providence will take care of our affairs," said Vasudeva.

"How can I pass on my child to a man like Kamsa? Destiny

might have chalked out a certain course of events for us. But, surely, man is capable of changing the course through aspiration and effort! You must find out some way to ward off the wrath of Kamsa," said Devaki.

"No effort can change one's destiny. It is only the intervention of Divine Grace that can change it. What is happening to us is what is ordained for us according to our deeds in our previous lives. We cannot stop them from happening. With our conscious deeds, we can, of course, mould our future. In any case, we have made a com-



mitment. We ought to be truthful to it," said Vasudeva.

Devaki ceased to argue. She sat shedding tears while Vasudeva took charge of the child. All those who saw Vasudeva carrying the child to Kamsa praised his truthfulness and felt sad at the same time.

Kamsa too agreed that it was noble of Vasudeva to bring the new-born child to him. He said, "But it is the eighth issue of Devaki that will be my foe. How do I gain by killing this one? Take it away."

Vasudeva thanked him and went away with the child.

Kamsa boasted of his mercy before his courtiers. They praised him. However, Narada the sage appeared there before long. Kamsa received him with due show of respect.

"You spared the first issue of Devaki, did you?" asked Narada.

"Indeed, I did. According to the ominous prophecy, it is Devaki's eighth child that would be my foe, not the earlier ones," answered Kamsa.

"It is true that Vishnu intends to be born as Devaki's eighth child and kill you. But don't you think that your foe will be much stronger with seven bro-

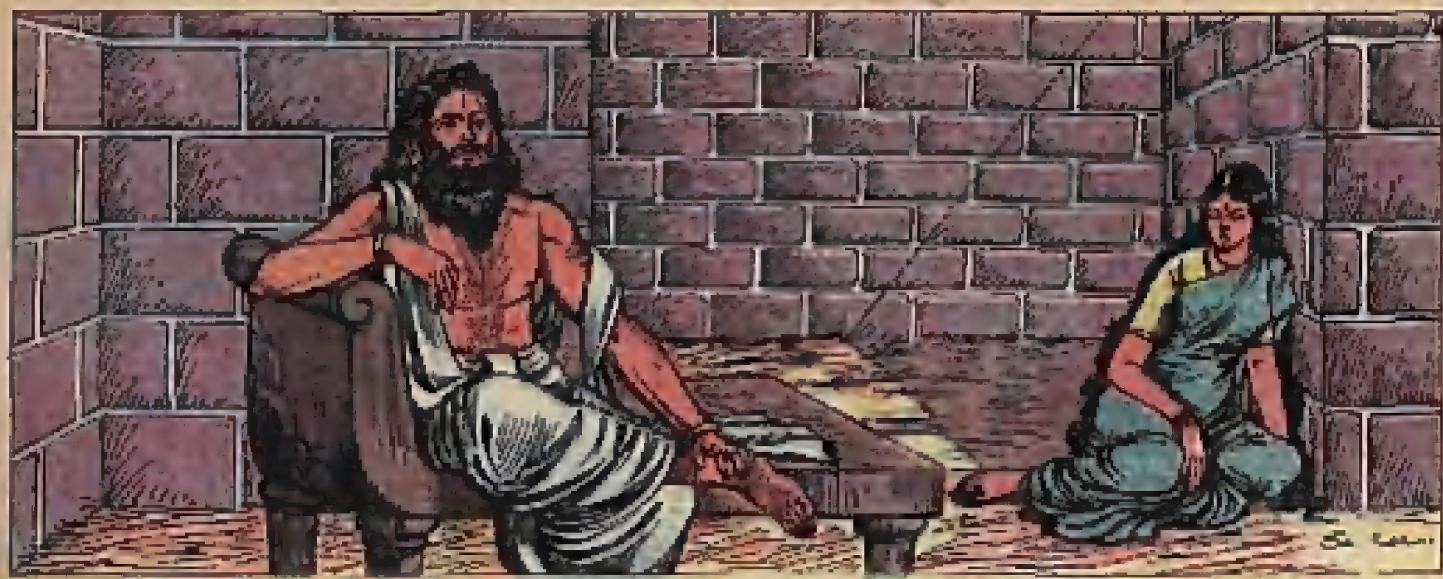


thers than if alone?" asked Narada and he went away.

Kamsa immediately brought out Devaki's child and smashed it to death.

There was reason for Narada instigating Kamsa to do so.

Long long ago, once six young lads of the heavenly spheres showed disrespect to Brahma. Brahma cast a curse upon them saying that they will be born in the families of demons. Because of the curse they had to be born as the sons of demon-kings. Once they collectively prayed to Brahma so intensely that Brahma had to appear before



them in a magnificent vision.

From Brahma they obtained certain boons. It was time for them to find release from their curse. They were born, one after another, as Devaki's sons. By instigating Kamsa to kill them, Narada was helping them to find their release from the curse.

Five more sons of Devaki were killed by Kamsa in the same manner. He heard that

her seventh issue was miscarried. But the fact was different. The child was transferred from her womb to the womb of Rohini, another wife of Vasudeva. The son that was born of Rohini was to be known as Balarama.

Before Devaki was to be delivered of her eighth child, she as well as Vasudeva were put in a cabin as prisoners. The child Devaki was carrying was the incarnation of Vishnu.

## WONDER WITH COLOURS



# The Change

Ram lived in the town along with his wife and daughter. His younger brother lived in the village. He too had a daughter.

One day Ram received the news that his younger brother's wife expired. Ram went to the village and brought his niece along with him.

After six months he wrote to his younger brother informing him that he can take his daughter back to the village—when convenient. But his younger brother was busy. He came to fetch his daughter three months later.

"Your daughter is doing fine here. You need not take her away," said the elder brother.

"Why then did you write to me to take her away?"

Ram explained confidentially : "You see, my wife did not show any sign of love for your daughter. But when she learnt that the child might go away soon, she bestowed her affection on her—and began loving her. Now she does not want to part with her!"



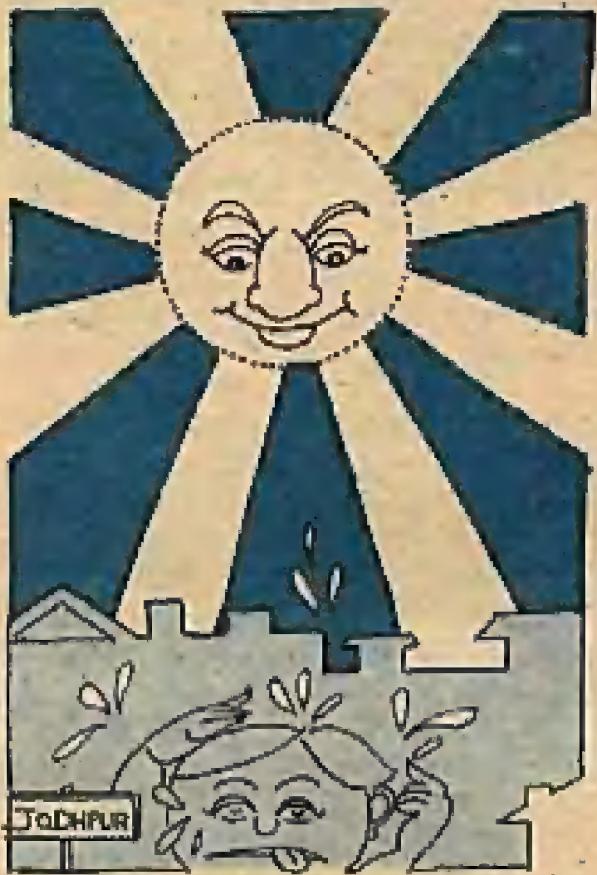
The 121-run first innings lead a  
and without being least interested  
in chasing an outright victory,  
target of 112 in 16 overs set  
Sunil Gavaskar's declaration of  
the Rest of India XI's second in-  
nings at 232 for five.

# NEW YORK

# The Village of Long Life

A village called Chamsuchon in South Korea has a population of 1600. Most of them are above 90.

The villagers do not see in this anything unusual. They are accustomed to look upon people above 70 as middle-aged. When one crosses 90, he is said to be growing old.



## The City of Sun

Jodhpur of Rajasthan can be called the City of Sun, for he shines over it for 3285 hours a year. Kodaikanal in Tamil Nadu and Dibrugarh in Assam receive the minimum sunlight. The sun shines over them for less than 2000 hours.

The most lighted areas of India are Rajasthan, Gujarat, Western M.P. and Northern Maharashtra. The most clouded states are Kerala, Assam and Kashmir.

# LAS

**AS**

The game between Poona and M.S. was quite interesting. Poona points to 41, but it had a strong threat from the very beginning, winning by points (44-30) at half-time. The two sides put up a splendid show in the third quarter and led away to 10-10.

In the girls' South Korea took beating Japan 21-11. South India qualified for second world championships to be held next year.

## World Memory Record

S. Mahadevan, a psychology undergraduate of Mangalore (age 23), has set a new record in "memory computerising" by reciting from memory 31,811 numbers in three hours and 39 minutes. The previous record (cited by the Guinness Book of Records) was 20,013 numbers in 9 hours and 14 minutes.



## Monument to a Hero of Folktales

Mulla Nasruddin is a queer character. He combines in him wit and innocence, disgust for injustice and compassion for all.

He is a rich figure in the folk-tales of Uzbekistan, an Asian area of the Soviet Union.

In the city of Bukhara has just been installed an impressive three-metre high statue of the Mulla. We join in paying tribute to this 'hero' by retelling three tales that feature him elsewhere in this issue.

# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. S. G. Sesha-giri



Mr. K. Sitharam

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post-card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. .25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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The Winning Entry: 'Searching for a Way' — 'Waiting for a Prey'

PICKS FROM  
THE WISE

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns;  
I am thankful that thorns have roses.

— Alphonse Kerr.

Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards.

— S. A. Kierkegaard.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.

— William Cowper.

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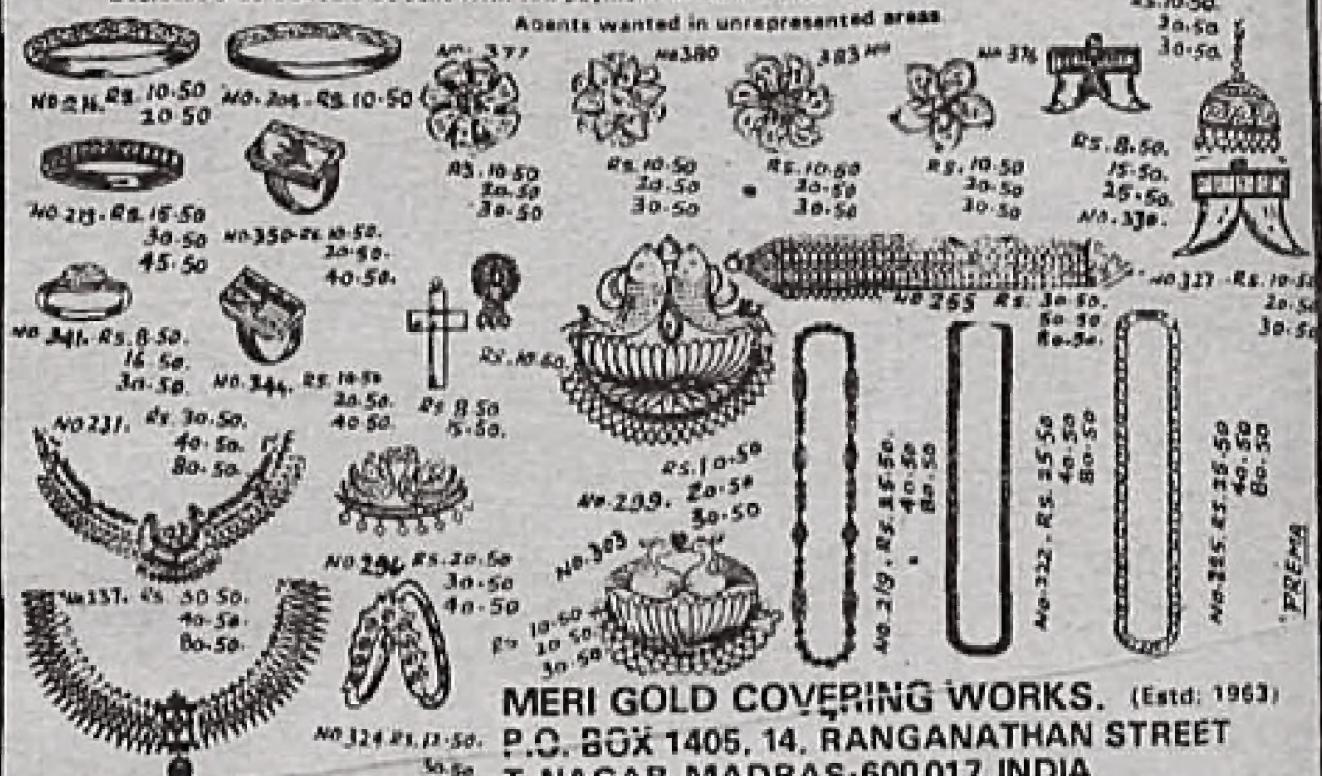
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